

Our Dumb Animals!

U. S. Trade Mark, Registered.

"WE SPEAK FOR
THOSE THAT



CANNOT SPEAK
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.— COWPER.

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WINTER IN THE COUNTRY.
From *Suburban Life*.

THE GREAT EDITORS OF THE FUTURE.

The great editors of the future, who will be able to command fifty thousand dollars a year for their services, will be the men and women who can put the world's daily news and brightest thoughts into the fewest, plainest, simplest and most expressive words which all readers can easily understand.

Some years ago we were riding with the evangelist, Moody, when he said to us, "What a pity, Mr. Angell, that I could not have had the college education you had." We replied, "I think you are mistaken. If you had gone to college and had your head filled with long dictionary words used there you would probably never have had half the power you now have with the great audiences that come to hear you." **GEO. T. ANGELL.**

CAN THE SPIRITS OF THOSE WE CALL DEAD COMMUNICATE WITH AND INFLUENCE THE LIVING?

In the *Boston Post* of February 9 we find that Miss Mary Woodman, of North Woburn, Mass., who was a former teacher of Don Carlos, the dead King of Portugal, when he was a boy, and to whom she was much attached, saw in a dream the events of his assassination before the information came of his death, and she cannot explain why it was that this dream came to her.

On June 15, 1868 (as some of our readers will remember), while taking our customary evening horseback ride, in perfect health, we were suddenly seized with a terrible sickness which compelled us to get home as soon as possible, and which continued for several hours and for which we could assign no cause whatever. The next morning we learned by telegram that at this precise time when this terrible sickness came upon us our good mother was dying or had just died, more than a hundred miles away.

When in the practice of law many years ago, we were called upon by a gentleman residing (if we remember rightly) in Foxboro, Mass., whose son had recently been shot by the Indians in Oregon. The son left considerable property, and the gentleman wanted proper papers made out to enable him to take out administration on his son's estate. We were, at that time, a commissioner of Oregon, and knew perhaps more about the business than anyone else in Boston. We prepared the papers, and as he paid us our bill he said, "Rufus Choate sent me to you."

"Why, Rufus Choate," we replied, "has been dead for years."

"I can't help that," he said, "I did not know who to go to for this business and so consulted the spirit of Rufus Choate and he told me to go to George T. Angell, 46 (now 186) Washington street, Boston, and that is why I am here."

And then he went on and stated that he would just as soon die any moment as not, as it was only taking off an old coat and putting on a new one, that some years before he had attempted to expose the absurdity of spiritualism but had become a convert, and then added that if we would come down to Foxboro (we think it was) any day when we had leisure he would agree that we should go back to Boston fully satisfied of the truth of spiritualism, or he would cheerfully give us ten dollars as some little compensation for our time.

When we were about to go to Europe, we asked Joel P. Bishop, an eminent law writer and most excellent man who was somewhat of a spiritualist, to find out the best medium in Boston and go with us to the medium to see what she would say. The medium, having no knowledge of us whatever, said some remarkable things: first, that we were going abroad and would find some one there who would be of great service to us, and second, that we had got to write and got to speak and that a great variety of spirits of different times and places were about us.

Our uncle, an old Salem lawyer, became something of a spiritualist, and used to have meetings at his house occasionally, and our good mother being there at one time he insisted that she sit in the parlor and listen to the communications. As soon as the party came and operations began she went into silent prayer, and they could not obtain a single rap while she was praying there. Finally she left the room and then the raps came as usual.

Our good uncle became somewhat alarmed after awhile, as in the communications from some unknown spirit the question was put, "Whose spirit are you?" and the answer came back, "the devil."

In the early history of our Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (as some of our readers will remember) several circumstances occurred to help us for which in human reason there would not have been one chance in a million of their occurrence.

On the first page of our Autobiographical Sketches, under the head of "A Higher Hand," we tell the story of a little boy who sat in front of his father and held the reins that controlled the horse, but, unknown to the boy, the reins passed around him and were also in his father's hands. The father saw an occasion to pull them, and with artless simplicity the child turned around, saying, "Father, I thought I was driving, but I am not, am I?" Thus it is often with men who think they are shaping a destiny which a higher hand than theirs is really directing.

In the progress of our humane work we have frequently been led to think that it may not have been we that were driving, but a higher hand. **GEO. T. ANGELL.**

WHY HAVE SO MANY SOCIETIES?

Why have so many societies, Mr. Angell, for the prevention of cruelty to animals? Why can't the Massachusetts Society do the work of the Animal Rescue League, the Work Horse Parade Association, the Red Acre Farm, the Audubon societies and the anti-vivisection societies? Why can't the Massachusetts Society attend to the whole business?

Answer. Why can't the hundreds of charitable societies, established throughout the state of Massachusetts for the relief of *human* suffering, be put in charge of one corporation and all the people who are now engaged in them be entirely relieved? If such a thing were possible it would be terrible for the sufferers, and almost as bad for those who are engaged in the relief of their sufferings.

The fact is, that our Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is compelled to be an aggressive organization, and the people who ride on and behind mutilated horses and the people who go out into the woods to shoot and kill creatures simply for the fun of shooting and killing them and those who are engaged in other more or less brutal sports will not give a dollar to our Massachusetts Society. But these people have no objections to the Animal Rescue League or the Work Horse Parade or Red Acre Farm or the Audubon societies.

The animals of our state are far more numerous than the human beings and there is ample room for a multitude of societies to work for their protection, and the more of them we have the better. So we welcome every such society and wish that the charitable societies for the protection of animals were as numerous as the charitable societies for the protection of human beings.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

WHERE WE HAVE BEEN SENDING MANY COPIES OF OUR SPANISH BLACK BEAUTY.

To Havana and Santiago, Cuba, Columbia, Peru, Bolivia, Venezuela, Ecuador, Buenos Ayres, Paraguay, Valparaiso, Chili and various other places in Central and South America.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

AN IMPORTANT PROVISION OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY.

"The directors shall have full power to do all matters and things which the Society could do; but and except that they shall receive no pay whatever, and they shall not incur on account of the Society any debt beyond the funds which shall be actually in the treasury during their term of office. Nor shall any funds of the Society be loaned directly or indirectly to any director."

GEO. T. ANGELL

OUR CREED.

The creed of our "American Humane Education Society" and its over 72,000 "Bands of Mercy" is "Glory to God," "Peace on Earth," "Kindness, Justice and Mercy to Every Living Creature [both Human and Dumb]."

In pursuance of that creed we want to teach the youth of America and the world that *Christ* is the true model, and that the men who *cause unnecessary wars or voluntarily* [for pay or otherwise] march onto battlefields to wound and kill their fellowmen deserve *only the condemnation of every Christian man and woman*.

The Red Cross men and women and "Sisters of Charity" who risk their lives on battlefields and in the hospitals; *the locomotive engineers* who risk their lives in great emergencies to save the lives of their passengers; *the firemen* who risk their lives to save the lives of others in burning buildings; *the coastguards* who risk their lives to save those of drowning sailors; all those wherever they are who risk their lives to save the lives of others—these are the true heroes who are entitled to the world's gratitude, while the men who *bring upon us unnecessary wars, or who voluntarily* [for pay or otherwise] *aid in carrying them on, are deserving only of the world's detestation*.

We want to teach the youth of America [and the whole world] that *unnecessary wars* are the most terrible curse in the world, both to human beings and the lower animals, and that those who *cause or voluntarily engage in unnecessary wars* [however much they may be praised] are not heroes. *Such wars are simply murders, and those who cause or promote them are criminals.*

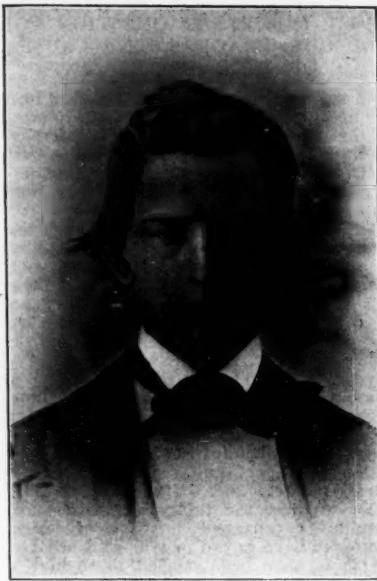
GEO. T. ANGELL.

OUR COLLEGES.

New Haven, Jan. 20.—Yale freshmen ran the whole show to-night at the annual Glee Club concert by lowering down into the orchestra more than a dozen live mice, neatly wrapped up in bonbon boxes. The freshmen, who sat in the top gallery, let down the boxes over the heads of the promenade guests who occupied seats in the first. The girls, grabbing expectantly at what they believed to be boxes of chocolate, saw the wriggling animals leap out and disappear in their skirts.

The girls screamed and a dowager from Pittsburg, who was chaperoning a pretty debutante, went into hysterics when a mouse leaped into her corsage. Ushers and students went to her relief and the mouse was finally pulled from the hiding place. Other mice were shaken from the clothing of the "prom" girls, and the ushers and firemen who were trying to quiet the disturbance finally captured all the animals, who had scampered about the theatre when the boxes were broken, giving them freedom.

The Glee Club could not make itself heard during several numbers because of the uproar caused by the invasion of the mice. During the singing of one number the freshmen lowered by the aid of a fishing line a pint whisky bottle in front of the faces of the members of the Glee Club, dangling it up and down in front of the singers. The police finally searched the pockets of the freshmen and confiscated all their remaining contraband articles.



THE EDITOR OF THIS PAPER AT THE AGES OF FIFTEEN, FORTY-FIVE AND FIFTY-FIVE.

Then the freshmen let down a live brown hen in the midst of the "prom" girls, which the ushers and firemen rescued all a-cackle. The freshmen subsided into noiselessly lowering hundreds of yards of paper streamers upon the audience. Fire Marshal Gladwin announced that if this did not stop the curtain would be rung down, but the freshmen did not subside. Two more numbers were sung, although the freshmen kept up such a din that nobody heard the songs.

In the middle of the program the fire marshal ordered the curtain down and the performance stopped, for the first time in the history of annual Glee Club concerts at Yale. The fire marshal said that a conflagration would have followed the least provocation, and with a cloud of paper streamers covering the audience the loss of life would have been awful.—*Boston Journal*, Jan. 21, 1908.

FIVE HUNDRED STUDENTS ARRESTED.

Laval University Boys Accused of Taking Hotel's Silverware.

Ottawa, Ont., Feb. 14.—Five hundred students at Laval University of Montreal were temporarily placed under arrest by a corps of city detectives early to-day, after having robbed the Russell Hotel of table silver at a banquet.

The boys had come to Ottawa as the guests of L. P. Brodeur, Dominion minister of marine. At the banquet, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the premier, and other cabinet ministers were present.

When their guests were gone the hotel managers rushed a corps of sleuths to the railroad station, and when the signal was given to pull out they boarded the train and held up the students, guarding all exits.

College authorities in charge of the party were then informed of the accusation and the officers searched the train. Most of the students gave up their booty voluntarily. A great deal more was thrown from the car windows and recovered later, but there is much yet to account for.—*Boston Herald*, Feb. 15, 1908.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY.

Columbia University, New York City, has established a professorship of humanity, *probably the first of its kind in the world*. Hundreds of other universities and colleges need to follow Columbia's example. GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE BEST SPEECH OF EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

The best speech of the Reverend Edward Everett Hale that we ever read or listened to, was one given by him at our request at the organization of the Illinois Humane Society in Chicago, in the winter of 1870 or the early part of '71. We had contrived to get the use of Farwell Hall to organize that society, and paid out of our own pocket twenty dollars to secure the best organist of the city to aid in drawing an audience, and several prominent people of Chicago had consented to speak, but the best thing, on the whole, was our securing the Reverend Edward Everett Hale (who happened then to be in that city) to make a short speech, which a prominent Chicago lady said sounded in comparison with the other speeches, *like a great cathedral bell among little bells*, and the thought in that speech was that men and animals were in the same boat. Kindness to one will cause kindness to the other, and cruelty to one will cause cruelty to the other.

It is for just this reason that we have always held to the very great importance in humane education, of teaching kindness to the lower animals, and what we have said to teachers was this: You may tell boys to be kind to their parents, and that is all very well if their parents are kind to them, otherwise your teachings are simply wasted. You may tell them to love God, and ten thousand hoodlums will tell you that they don't know anything about God, but you may tell them that every kind word they speak, and every kind act they do for the lower creatures will make their own lives happier and you will get them through that channel to do forty kind acts every day which will not only make them happier but better.

The anarchist with any love of animals will not want to set a fire that may burn up horses, or commit any other outrage that may involve suffering to animals he has been taught to love.

Whatever people may think about wars, nobody that has any love for animals wants to have a hundred thousand horses die on battlefields and in the wildernesses, abandoned and starved. While the teaching of kindness to animals is by no means all that is required in humane education, yet it unquestionably is of vast importance in promoting all forms of kindness, and so not only in preventing cruelty but in protecting property and life.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

SOME OF OUR SCHOOL EXPERIENCES.

A lady, calling on us to-day, tells us that her father was one of our Boston schoolboys sixty years ago, when we taught school days-times and studied law nights, and that he says that we were the best teacher he ever had in his whole life. We have been glad to receive similar assurances before. We were obliged to leave Brown University at the close of our Freshman year because, being the son of a deceased clergyman, we could not get through college without teaching school winters, which was not permitted at Brown University, but was at Dartmouth, to which college we changed.

Our first experience was away up in the mountains of Vermont, in a school which had been having much difficulty with masters. The first boy we met on the first day of our school stood six feet in his stockings, and before the end of the school asked us to thrash another boy that had thrashed him. It was clearly a case of moral suasion and we succeeded in having a very pleasant winter and satisfactory school.

Our second school was in Southbridge, Mass., which had been having lots of trouble with masters, but with a few dollars' worth of beautifully colored paper, we wonderfully succeeded in winning the good will of all the pupils and their parents, receiving various valuable presents including (as we could not stay any longer) a considerable balance of money left in their school treasury. Teachers may be interested in learning how we succeeded in our country and Boston schools, and a copy of our *Autobiographical Sketches* will tell the story.

In Boston we did a lot of things without consulting any committee, among which was the dismissing of every boy who had behaved well a quarter of an hour each morning, and a quarter of an hour each afternoon before the end of school time.

It was a good thing in the boys' estimation to get every day half an hour's extra time for play, and parents were glad to know that their boys were behaving well to get it.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

The youth who was smoking a cigarette near the monkey's cage took another one from his pocket. "Would it do any harm," he asked, "if I should offer him one of these?" "Not a bit," responded the attendant. "He wouldn't touch it. A monkey isn't half as big a fool as it looks."—*Chicago Tribune*.

A STRENUOUS EDITORIAL.

In the Columbus, Ohio, *Medical Journal* of February, we find this most thoughtful and strenuous editorial:

War is Wholesale Murder.
THE FOLLY OF WAR.

Are these vast armies that are now kept in idleness thoroughly demoralized for any useful avocation, tyrannized over by their officers accustomed to scenes of debauchery and cruelty to be dismissed and the millions who compose them become producers, tillers of the soil, instead of creating national debts, which must be paid out of the sweat and toil of the laboring men?

Are these multitudes of military parasites that serve no purpose but to maintain the fictitious glory of commanders and to be used as a bug-a-boo to frighten other nations into committing the same folly, these degraded and degrading multitudes to be mustered out and sent home to learn the arts of true civilization, make homes, rear families and build cities?

The strangest riddle that history presents is the fact that for eighteen centuries these people who had been busiest in making war, are its very ones who have professed allegiance to the teachings of Jesus, who did not believe in war, did not even believe in self-defense.

And another riddle equally strange is that an insignificant minority of the people of the world can command the overwhelming majority to shoot each other to death and be immediately obeyed.

If the few who believe in war would fight with each other they would soon be exterminated and the world would be rid of them. But this is not what happens. The riddle is that they make armies of those who do not believe in war, to shoot down other armies who do not believe in war.

All the remedy necessary to stop this miserable business is to somehow get the masses to see the part they are playing. To accomplish this purpose is the function of public meetings.

Whatever else may be accomplished at our peace conventions at The Hague, the greatest service which they will be able to render to humanity will be the service of bringing this question before the people through the numerous reports that will be made of their proceedings, all over the earth. This will soon let the cat out of the bag, and expose to the whole world what an infinitely small minority, what a hopeless minority it is that really believe in war.

The Democrat does not believe in war. The Republican does not believe in war. The Socialist does not believe in war. Even the anarchist does not believe in war. Miss Emma Goldman is a follower of Tolstoi, who hates governments because governments love war.

The terrorists of Russia seek to assassinate the leaders of Russian autocracy as the only way they can think of to put an end to tyranny and war.

How will it all end? Will the better element finally establish international courts and parliaments that will compel war lovers to quit? Will those who believe in the Gospel finally persuade those who believe in shot and shell to quit? Will the stolid masses at last refuse to enlist, to be drafted into armies, refuse to pay the taxes that war inevitably brings? Will some one invent an air ship by means of which bombs can be dropped from the skies, converting all navies into junk, and making ash heaps of the strongest fortifications? Or will women, who are accustomed to getting their say about things when they set out, will they band together and cajole or compel the men to quit fighting?

How will it all end? For end it must.

What can you and I do about it, to-night, to-morrow, next day, next week? What part have we to play in this contention? Is there anything we can do about it?

Well, first of all, each man and woman can

speak out, morning, noon and night, in the market place, in the home, in the church.

Second, take all pictures representing war or professional warriors, and convert them into kindling wood. Expurgate from the school books not the history of war, but the sickening laudations, the flimsy apologies that go with such history.

Teach your boys that are growing up not to shoot any living thing except in self-defense. Teach them that fighting and hunting belong to the savages of the past; that if they must shoot somebody or something let it be those monsters in human form that are fattening on blood of the toiling millions, that are growing rich on the poverty and degradation of a multitude of men and women, of boys and girls. Not shoot them with bullets, but with paper wads, or rather wads of paper on which is printed in clear type a plain account of their greed and cruelties.

This is the big game that our youth should be taught to hunt. Hunt them with Bibles and ballots. Hunt them with facts and figures. Hunt them with supreme courts and supreme contempt.

A DREAM OF EMPIRE.

By James Jeffrey Roche.

I dream of an Empire vast, sublimer than Rome of old,
A giant to make the past seem petty and poor and cold.
I see in the lengthening years the nation's shadow grow,
O'er spreading the hemispheres, as Freedom's sun sinks low.
The pulse of pride is thrilled at the thought of the things to be,
And Caesar's soul is filled with a vision of Destiny.
The fetters are broken made for us by the Fathers gone,
And Jefferson's ghost is laid with the spectre of Washington.
Now welcome the Empire grand cemented in blood and might!
At last shall our country stand, emancipated from Right!
Farewell to the setting sun that rose on the nation's birth;
His pitiful race is run—our heritage is the earth.

I dream of an Empire vast, divided by robbers twain:
Yet oft I awake aghast with a sting of shame and pain,
For, what if a Judge there be of nations as well as men,
And a real eternity with laws beyond our ken?
'Tis sweeter to dream or drink, as the joyous feast goes on;
For, should we awake and think, we might think of Babylon.

ROOSEVELT.

(Extract from a letter.) "All that you say, Mr. Angell, about President Roosevelt only makes him stronger."

Answer. Then his friends ought to be very grateful to us, and so we will add now that we have no doubt in our own mind that the Cuban war and the Philippine war with all their cost of human and animal lives and enormous sacrifice of money came from the fighting propensities of President Roosevelt, and in the scale of impartial justice must be weighed against whatever good he has done.

The end of these wars has not come yet, and may result not only in the cost of enormous navies, armies and fortifications, but in the loss of tens and perhaps hundreds of thousands of human lives and the destruction of a thousand millions of dollars' worth of money and property and perhaps the putting back of the progress of the world's civilization and humanity a quarter of a century.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

If you have any doubts as to whether animals feel pain, watch the look of extreme suffering and hopeless woe upon the face of a poor, half-starved, over-worked horse.

A MOST IMPORTANT QUESTION FOR ALL OUR READERS—THE CAUSE OF HIGH PRICES.

The whole civilized world is suffering from "the high cost of living." It is explained that the prices of the necessities of life have been forced so high that a serious lull in business is threatened. Manufacturers and producers generally cannot understand why, since wages have risen so rapidly in the past ten years, people have been buying so much less of everything than a year ago. Factories have been running on part time. Many thousands of workmen have been laid off. On the other hand, the wage earners say that they are obliged to reduce their expenses, because the advance in wages does not begin to cover the advance in prices; that the wage increases of five years ago merely covered the advance in the prices of the necessities up to that time, and that wages will buy less—far less—than the wages of ten years ago would buy.

Why not? All industries have to pay the enormous cost of militarism. The manufacturers have to add to the price of their product to meet the trebly increased taxes for militarist purposes, in time of peace. These taxes have grown heavier and heavier, until prices have been pushed to so high a point that the public is refusing to pay such prices. It is the same abroad as it is here. Manufacturers in England and on the Continent tell the same story. To meet the constantly increasing cost of armies and navies, prices have been pushed up and up until the average man cannot buy, with his income, nearly as much as he could in previous decades. The reason is that now the workingman must pay a good share of his real wages into the government treasury, to pay for new ships and more men. The nations are "matching taxes" in a mad race to see which can spend the most money, and the workingmen, as usual, must furnish the funds. It is a costly game and a constant drain upon all the industries of the nation. It is putting factories on part time or shutting them down. Why should Secretary Metcalf add another \$75,000,000 to this burden?

—*Boston Daily Advertiser.*

OUR ATLANTIC COAST.

Since our sixteen great battle-ships with their attending smaller vessels have been sent on a voyage requiring several months to get to the Pacific Ocean, and just as many months to get back again, wouldn't it be a good plan to make a contract with Great Britain to keep our Atlantic coast safe from all enemies until our war ships get back, or a new fleet has been constructed?

GEO. T. ANGELL.

AN INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION AT TOKIO, JAPAN.

We are glad to see in our Boston papers that Congress has been called upon to aid in obtaining an International Exposition at Tokio, Japan, similar to those great expositions which have been so fortunately carried out at Paris in France, and Chicago in the United States. It is a splendid idea for the promotion of Peace on Earth and Good Will, and a thousand times better than sending sixteen great battle-ships, or notifying the world that all the schoolboys in America are to be furnished army rifles so that they can better illustrate the teaching of Christianity, "Blessed are the Merciful."

In the centre of that Tokio exposition, where it will attract the attention of all who visit it, we would have an exact duplicate of "The Christ of the Andes," to show how two Christian nations contrived to settle their difficulties without war, and perhaps have exhibited there the sacred drama of "The Christ of the Andes," which our American Humane Education Society is hoping to have put [sooner or later] on the theatrical stages of the entire world.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

ANOTHER ATTACK ON DOGS.

We were notified on February 11 of a hearing to take place on February 13 at half past ten A.M., before the committee on agriculture, at our State House, on a law to make the tax on all Massachusetts male dogs five dollars instead of two dollars.

We immediately telephoned Channing H. Cox, Esq., who so admirably conducted our hearings at the State House last winter, and then sent the following letter to all the daily newspapers in Boston and throughout the state:

To the editor of

I am notified this morning of a hearing at half past ten A.M., Thursday, February 13, at Room 453 at the State House, before the committee on agriculture, on a proposed law requiring every dog in Massachusetts, whose owner does not feel able to pay a five dollar tax, to be killed.

All owners of dogs are hereby requested to appear at the State House at the time above specified and do what they can to save their dogs, the playmates of their children, from being killed.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

We then sent word to the leaders of several of our labor organizations, which represent some thousands of men whose families are as much attached to their dogs as the families of richer people but who would consider an increase of their dog tax to be a misfortune.

We then prepared the following letter to the honorable committee on agriculture, which was read to them at the hearing:

To the Honorable Committee of the Senate and House on Agriculture:

Probably there are fifty thousand dog owners in Massachusetts and ten times that number of persons whom dogs consider to be their friends. We have probably something like two hundred thousand members of our Massachusetts Bands of Mercy. At our great Boston Food Fair last fall we obtained over twenty-one thousand new members who signed our pledge, after full explanation, and left Mechanics Building wearing our badges. All these are more or less interested in kindness to dogs.

It is urged that the keeping of dogs is dangerous to sheep, but in every large sheep-raising country of the world dogs are used for the care and protection of sheep.

Several years ago, when we had occasion to examine the matter, we found that in many of our sheep-raising states there was no dog tax whatever, and that in Massachusetts when there was no dog tax there were a great many more sheep kept than are kept now.

An attempt to cause a heavy dog tax, that poor men will not feel able to pay, would not only result in the killing of a multitude of poor men's dogs but in great danger to dogs owned and kept by richer persons.

Through the rapid increase of crime and automobiles the time is soon coming when farmers and persons living in exposed places will be compelled to keep dogs for night watchmen.

At the hearing Thursday morning, February 13, the largest committee room in the State House was required to hold the owners of dogs who put in an appearance in defense of their friends, and the hearing resulted, as it has in all the others we have taken part in during the past forty years, in a complete victory for the dogs. GEO. T. ANGELL.

AN INTELLIGENT SHIP'S DOG.

By Captain B. S. Osborn.

There is nothing more commendable than kindness to dumb animals, and often that kindness is repaid a hundred fold, and in a manner least expected. In the course of my sea life I have often picked up a homeless and friendless dog and taken it on board of my ship as a companion, and in several instances have owed my life to that dog who by his



USED BY KIND PERMISSION OF "THE DOG JOURNAL," C. H. JONES, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

sense of hearing and keen scent has warned me of impending danger that I could not foresee, and has saved not only human lives, but the ship itself. I could tell of half a dozen cases where dogs that I had befriended were the direct means of avoiding a disaster that probably would have brought death to me. A close companionship begets mutual understanding, and while the dog undoubtedly can understand almost everything that is said to it, on the other hand the close observer will soon understand by its barkings and actions what the dog wishes you to understand, and I have found this to be true in reference to other animals, notably the horse, and even in animals classed as wild animals. Kindness is the key to the affection of most all animals, domestic or even wild ones.

I think that the deck of a ship at sea is the real place to bring out the fine points of a dog, to test his intelligence and to teach him those things that show how capable he is of acquiring knowledge that endears him to his human master. For more than twenty years of my life at sea I have had a dog for my companion, not always the same dog, of course, but several of them, and in every case they developed a knowledge that in some cases was superior to the men that were their companions and shipmates, and I could relate instances of these dogs, that except to a seafaring man, would be classed as "fish stories." A friend in Glasgow, Scotland, gave me a collie dog named "Jack"—a very appropriate name for a ship dog—that was of most marked intelligence, coupled with the most lovable disposition and winning ways. I think the most marked trait in his character was his acquaintance of names of men and things. He seemed to acquire them without any great mental effort and to retain them under all circumstances. In a fortnight after we left port he knew the name of every person on board, and

when told to bring Bill, Ben, Bob or Joe would trot off and giving a gentle bark to attract the attention of the man wanted, would take him by the hand and start aft with him. He would only perform this service when told to do so by myself or one of my officers.

We discovered this peculiar trait in him when only a few days out of port when I chanced to say to the mate, "Please ask Mr. Roberts to come here." Jack, who had been sitting by my side, bounded off forward where Mr. Roberts was superintending a job and who at once was convinced that the dog was a message bearer, and leading the second mate by the hand they came aft together and Mr. Roberts said, "Captain, did you send Jack for me?" I was greatly surprised and patted the dog for his intelligence and then sent the mate forward and after a short interval said, "Jack, tell Mr. Christie to come here," and off Jack trotted with his message and brought the mate aft. The men had watched this peculiar action of the dog and took great interest in it. Then I sent both officers forward and sent Jack for Mr. Christie and he went direct to the officer named, ignoring Mr. Roberts.

Then I began testing his intelligence upon the crew and sent him for one and another, calling them by name, and he made no mistakes. Tell Jack to "call the watch," and he would go to the forecastle door and bark loud and long, in fact, until every man had turned out. Tell him to "call all hands to put a reef in the topsails" and he would call them as surely as the officers of the watch could.

His higher intellect was discovered when we were signalling to passing vessels; he seemed to take great interest in the signal flags. One day we were drying the flags and I pointed out to him by name the National ensign, the Union Jack and the House Flags and repeated the name of each several times, and as each one was rolled up to be put in the

locker I again called their names in their folded condition. He watched us intently and listened to the calling of the names with evident interest. A day or two afterwards the flags were taken out to hoist to a passing vessel, including the International Code of Signals. After we had finished the signalling and the flags were spread on deck preparatory to being rolled up I said, "Jack, bring me the ensign," and he at once selected it out of the lot. "Now, bring me the Union Jack," and that he selected from the other flags and brought it to me. "Bring me the House flag" and that was done correctly. The mate suggested we teach him the International Code flags and we did teach him the "answering pennant," the "pilot" flag and the "quarantine" flag, but went no further on these lines.

I had three pipes, a meerschaum, a clay and a corn cob. I could send for either and he would bring the one asked for and never make a mistake. He seemed to understand almost every word spoken to him. He knew what eight bells meant, the calling of the watch, but he would never go forward to call unless sent. If a man was missing when the watch was mustered, all the mate had to say was, "Jack, go and see what's the matter with Bob," and he would find the man sent for and rout him out of his bunk.

In port Jack was the reliable "anchor watch" and no boat could come within hail without the dog doing his duty by calling the watchman. At sea he was worth a dozen pair of eyes in foggy weather, in fine weather he would scent a passing vessel and tell us of it when we could not see it. Nothing escaped his notice and it was a study to watch him drink in knowledge of men and things. If there was a possibility of danger to the ship, he never left the deck at night and we relied upon him more than we could upon our human companions. He was a canine wonder and some of the men said the only reason why he did not talk was because if he did he would not have such easy times and would have to stand a regular watch instead of all night in if he wanted it. Jack sailed many voyages with me, but at last became too feeble to take to sea and I left him on shore with friends who loved him and tenderly cared for him until he went to the dogs' Heaven. His remains were carefully laid away in a private burying ground and I lost a dear, good, reliable canine friend and companion who loved and was beloved by all who ever knew dear old Jack, the Scotch collie.

—*Pet Dog Journal*, Rochester, N. Y.

HOMESICK DOG'S LONG TRAMP.

The latest native of Elmira to return from the "sunny South" is a valuable pointer that came on foot all the way from South Carolina to his home in this city because he was homesick. The dog was the property of John H. Sullivan, a law student. A family named Bunn, living near the Sullivans, on Kenyon street, who had been friends of the Sullivan family, signified their intention of moving to South Carolina to live. A large dog, which was owned by the Sullivans, spent much of his time between the two houses, sometimes staying for days at a time with one of the families and then leaving for the other house suddenly without apparent reason for his departure.

When the Bunn family moved to South Carolina they asked the Sullivan family to give up their interest in the dog, so that they could take him with them. This was agreed to, and the last that was seen of the dog in Elmira was when the train pulled out of the station with the dog securely tied in the baggage car.

Three months later the Sullivan family heard a strange noise at the door. They opened it and were astonished to see the dog which they had given to the Bunn family several months before and which they supposed was miles away. The joy of the animal to find himself among his friends again knew no bounds.

He was so weak from hunger and exhaustion from the long journey that it was at first thought that he would not live. The animal's feet were so blistered and swollen that after he had been home an hour or two he could not walk. What route the animal took or how long he had been on the way is not known.—*Elmira (N. Y.) Advertiser*.

A DOG AND A MAN.

He was a dog,
But he stayed at home
And guarded the family night and day.
He was a dog
That didn't roam.
He lay on the porch or chased the stray—
The tramps, the burglar, the hen, away;
For a dog's true heart for that household beat
At morning and evening, in cold and heat.
He was a dog.

He was a man,
And didn't stay
To cherish his wife and his children fair.
He was a man.

And every day
His heart grew callous, its love-beats rare,
He thought of himself at the close of day,
And, cigar in his fingers, hurried away
To the club, the lodge, the store, the show.
But he had a right to go, you know.
He was a man.

—*London S. S. Times*.

THE ANIMAL RESCUE LEAGUE AT PITTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS.

We are glad to say that the Animal Rescue League, whose headquarters are at Pittsfield, Mass., is, under the direction of its President, Mrs. Franklin Couch, of Dalton, doing a splendid work for the relief of animal suffering. The smaller animals are attended to by the league, and the horses and larger animals by the very efficient paid agent of our Mass. S. P. C. A. Animals, whose headquarters are at Springfield, with the assistance of our other unpaid agents.

It is a pleasant thought to us that we were consulted about the formation of the first Animal Rescue League, at Boston, by Mrs. Huntington Smith, its President, and that we have been glad to become personally a life member of it, and to assist it in some other ways, and we earnestly wish there might be similar Animal Rescue Leagues formed in all our Massachusetts cities and important towns. There is plenty of work to be done for the relief of the innumerable hosts of animals that cannot speak for themselves, and personally we should be glad if the societies for their protection were as numerous as the churches.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

GOOD NEWS FROM NEW HAMPSHIRE.

We are glad to know that on Tuesday, February 4, was organized in the Probate Court Room at Nashua, New Hampshire, the New Hampshire Woman's Humane Society, which has been recently incorporated by the New Hampshire legislature.

It starts with a membership of over four hundred, and its president is Mrs. M. J. Kendall of Nashua, a prominent lady of that city, who holds the office of deputy sheriff for the enforcement of laws for the prevention of cruelty to animals.

Her address is full of good and kind thoughts and we think that the new society, under her administration, may prove to be one of the best in our country.

It is a pleasure to us to be told that it was through our influence that the Society was organized, and that we are an honorary member.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

(From the *St. Louis Mirror*.)

We call the attention of our readers to *Our Dumb Animals* and to its editor. It is for mercy and against misery, for everything that breathes. It is the most heartful literary product of frigid Boston.

IN TRINITY EPISCOPAL CHURCH, BOSTON.

Our splendid and costly Trinity Episcopal Church, where so many of our wealthy citizens worship, never had such an audience before as came to it on Sunday morning, January 19, when some three hundred men out of employment, and many claiming to be in very sad condition, came there to join in the service and ask the wealthy congregation to help them.

The morning collection had been promised to foreign missions, but the rector declared that the contribution of next Sunday should be devoted to relieving the sufferings of the poor. In the *Boston Journal*, of January 20, a very full statement was given, in reading which it occurred to us to send the following letter to the *Journal*, which was published in its issue of January 21:

"Editor of *The Boston Journal*:

"Dear Sir,—I see in your morning's paper an account of the sufferings of the people in Boston who cannot find employment, some three hundred of whom went to Trinity Church yesterday morning and asked the rector to obtain some help from his congregation, and that they have also applied for help elsewhere.

"Kindly permit me to say that in 1868, when I started the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the city government furnished me seventeen policemen, selected from the whole force, to canvass the entire city for funds to aid the society. I districted the city, furnished each with a blankbook on which to obtain subscriptions, which were subsequently collected by proper collectors with great success.

"It occurs to me, that if the sufferings for want of employment are so great now in Boston, as from your account they seem to be, it would be an easy matter to send out seventeen policemen, furnished with blankbooks, to obtain subscriptions which would afford temporary relief until some proper work can be obtained.

"With kind wishes, I am,

"Yours sincerely,
GEO. T. ANGELL.

OUT OF EMPLOYMENT.

We see in our morning paper that one hundred and seventeen men employed in the Boston sewer department have been dropped from work for want of funds. It seems as though the rich city of Boston ought to have funds enough to employ in the sewer department all laborers needed.

Without doubt there are at this time many men out of employment, and it would be wiser and better that they should all be employed, even if in work no more profitable than in carrying a pile of bricks from one side of a street to another and then carrying them back again, which would be a good test of the need of employment.

Many years ago I was vice-president of the Boston Temporary Industrial Home, and had many people applying at my law offices for assistance, claiming in various instances to be suffering for the want of food. To test the matter, I laid in a stock of graham crackers, such as I was in the habit of frequently eating myself, and whenever a man applied, stating that he was suffering from want of food, I asked him to take a seat, had a paper of these graham crackers and a glass of water brought to him by my office boy, and invited him to eat and drink. In about nine cases out of ten the men refused this kind of food, and there was no need of sending them to the Industrial Home.

It might be a good plan for charitable persons all over the United States to adopt the same plan with those who apply to them for help.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

"He has hard work who has nothing to do."

A GOOD TIME.

"I wonder if I can borrow two or three children for a day or two!" called a familiar voice at the door.

"Oh! oh! it's Uncle Gerald!" cried three eager voices, and three pairs of feet hurried into the hall. Then Uncle Gerald was hugged and kissed, until he cried for mercy.

"Do somebody help, or I shall be strangled! Call the police!"

"Ask your mamma if you may go home with me and stay till to-morrow afternoon," he said. "Pine Hill is smooth and hard. It's fine coasting, and the 'double ripper' hasn't had a slide this year."

"I'm almost afraid to have them go," said the mother, doubtfully, in answer to the children's eager entreaties. "They might get hurt coasting, or take cold."

"There isn't the slightest danger," cried this funny uncle. "Haven't they a grandmother and two or three aunts, ready to rub them in sweet oil, roll them in cotton batting, and bake them in the oven, if they even dare to sneeze?"

"Well, then, if you will promise to bring them home 'safe and sound,' they may go, but!"

The excited children did not wait to hear the last of the sentence, but hurried away to find clean aprons, coat, cloaks, and hats, and very soon after they were seated beside their uncle in the sleigh, behind the big gray horses.

The snow was smooth, and there was enough crispness in the air to make their cheeks rosy; but the sun shone bright and warm, and Uncle Gerald told funny stories, and it seemed but a very short time before the city was left in the distance, and they drove up to the farmhouse door; and there were Grandpa and Grandma Avery, and Aunt Grace, and Aunt Jessie, and their four little cousins from across the way, to welcome them.

"We are going to have such fun to-morrow," cried Leon and Roy. "Mamma says we must all go to bed early; so we must go home just as soon as we have played a little while."

"We will," said Phil. "Dolly always gets sleepy by seven, and we would all better go then, so we may have all the more time in the morning. O, grandma, how good your muffins do smell!"

After this hint grandma asked them all to taste her muffins, and after supper the children played a few games, and then went to bed to rise with the sun.

The next morning well muffled in warm clothing, the seven merry cousins started, with the long sled, for "Pine Hill." But grandpa came out from the stable with "Old Dan" harnessed.

"See here, children," said he, "you will get pretty tired walking up that long hill, and if you will be very careful, and let him take his own time, you may hitch on *Old Dan* to draw you up."

Was there ever such fun before? The gentle old horse easily drew them to the top of the hill; then he was unhitched, and trotted down again, while the children went swiftly down on the "double ripper," for almost half a mile.

How they laughed, and sang, and shouted! They never thought of being cold; and the morning was so short! But they were quite ready for grandma's delicious dinner.

After dinner Uncle Gerald brought the sleigh and horses to the door, and Phil, and Clare, and little Dolly, were wrapped up warmly, and kissed and tucked in.

"We thank you all very much for the good times we've had," said Phil. "I never had so good a time before in all my life, but we always do have nice times when we come here—the very nicest times."

"We ought to thank *Old Dan*, too," said Clare. "Oh! wasn't it such fun?"

"You must come and see us just as often as you can," said grandma, tucking a bag of walnuts under the sleigh seat.

Grandpa brought out a basket of red apples, and Aunt Grace a bag of pop-corn,

and then Uncle Gerald started the horses and said, laughing, that if he stopped any longer there would not be a thing left in the house.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF HORSES.

We take the following editorial from the *Boston Evening Transcript* of February 10:

It has come to this in Boston—that we have a sort of "district visitor" for horses as well as for poor folks. He is the agent of the Boston Work-Horse Parade Association, and he is a well-known expert in the care and

management of horses and in shoeing. His function is to go about among the stables and help poor or ignorant owners with information and advice, and in deserving cases furnish them with such assistance as they require, free of expense, including blankets, expert shoeing, etc. Many a kind heart among us will respond to the call for the maintenance of such district visiting for the relief of the widespread misery in the poorer stables in such cold snaps as we have recently passed through. The new "district visitor" will be kept busy from now on to the middle of May inspecting stables with reference to the competition for the prizes to be awarded at the Work-Horse Parade on Memorial Day, May 30, for the best-kept stables, including livery and boarding stables. The prizes in this department are unlimited in number and will be given for quality of hay and grain, grooming, size and character of stalls, ventilation, sanitary condition, anything that shows humane consideration for our fellow-toilers of the city. Nor is the work of the district visitor altogether devoted to the rewarding of virtue. He is also the minister of justice for the offenders against the modern ideas and standards of humane treatment of animals. He will look in at all stables and suggest and advise; and, if his hints are taken, well and good; if not, he will first remonstrate, then warn, and if all other means fail he will report delinquents to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals for prosecution under the law. This is the last refinement of Boston humanitarianism, and anyone who smiles shall be fined a dollar for the benefit of the fund. It is by such works that the spirit and character of a city are stamped upon it, and into the manners of the very men in the streets; and by the spread of the example upon the whole national character in the course of time, making all the difference, in short, between civilization and barbarism.



OLD DAN.

KINDNESS TO DUMB ANIMALS.

The wagon was heavily laden with great bags of metal, too heavy for a single horse to draw, one would have thought.

It turned into a side street and half way down the block again turned into an alley at the rear of a livery stable. It required considerable tugging on the part of the horse to pull the load up the incline of the alley driveway, but he did it, and the driver looked pleased when the back wheels had made the rise and settled down to level ground. At the barn door it was necessary to turn the wagon around completely and back in. Surely one horse could not do that. The turn was made easily enough, but there remained.

"Back him up, Jim!" said the man, pulling lightly at the reins.

The horse braced his fore feet and shoved.

The wagon didn't move.

The man got down from the seat and went around to the back of the truck and pulled. "Back!" he commanded. The horse put every muscle to the strain. "Back!" The wagon moved, this time at least a foot. Two more, and the back wheels would be over the threshold of the barn door.

"Back!" The command moved the horse to exert his greatest effort. There was a crunch of splintering wood and the wagon rolled back.

Not a blow had been struck the animal. Only gentle words had been spoken, and the horse had done the rest.

And when it was all over the man did not go on unloading the wagon without a further thought of the great, obedient animal standing still between the shafts. He went to him and took his nose in his hands and patted him between the eyes and said: "Good, old Jim! You did do it, didn't you? I knew you would."

And the horse rubbed his nose against the man's cheek.

It is pleasant now and then to see such things.—*Catholic Calendar.*

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, March, 1908.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to
GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk St.

BACK NUMBERS FOR DISTRIBUTION.

Persons wishing *Our Dumb Animals* for
gratuitous distribution only can send us five
cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies,
or ten cents and receive twenty copies. We
cannot afford larger numbers at this price.

TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have *Our Dumb Animals* one
year for twenty-five cents.

Persons wishing to canvass for the paper
will please make application to this office.

Our American Humane Education Society
sends this paper this month to the editors of
over twenty thousand newspapers and maga-
zines.

OUR AMBULANCE

Can be had at any hour of the day or night by calling
Richmond 572; or our Mass. Society, Main 1226.

Horse owners are expected to pay reasonable charges
for its use, but in emergency cases where they are unable
to do so the ambulance will be sent at the expense of the
Society, but only upon an owner's order, or upon that of a
police officer or Society agent.

SUBSCRIBERS AND REMITTANCES.

We would respectfully ask all persons who send us
subscriptions or remittances to examine our report of
receipts, which is published in each number of our paper,
and if they do not find the sums they have sent properly
credited, kindly notify us.

If correspondents fail to get satisfactory answers
please write again, and on the envelope put the word
"Personal."

My correspondence is now so large that I can read
only a small part of the letters received, and seldom
long ones.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

We are glad to report this month three
hundred and seventy-eight new branches of our
Parent Band of Mercy, making a total of
seventy-two thousand three hundred and seven.



NEW BAND OF MERCY BADGES.

There having been a wide call for cheaper Band of
Mercy badges, we have succeeded in adding to the kinds
we have been using a new badge in the two sizes above
represented. They are very handsome—white star on
a blue ground, with gilt letters and border, and we sell
them at bare cost, five for ten cents, in money or postage
stamps, or larger numbers at same price. We cannot
attend to smaller numbers than five.

PREVENTION OF CRUELTY.

At the February meeting of the directors of the American Humane Education Society and the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, held this morning, President Angell reported that 3,708 animals had been examined during the month in the investigation of complaints by the Society's agents, 110 horses taken from work, and 243 horses and other animals humanely killed.

Three hundred and seventy-eight new Bands of Mercy have been formed during the month, making a total of 72,307.

Notice has been received during the month of three wills in which legacies are given to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Boston, February 19, 1908.

OUR PROSECUTING AGENTS.

Our special paid prosecuting agents are:

For Western Massachusetts—Dexter A. Atkins,
Springfield, 31 Elm Street, Room 327. Tel. 581-1.

For Central Massachusetts—Robert L. Dyson,
Worcester, 3 Stafford Street. Tel. 288-3.

For South-Eastern Massachusetts—Henry A.
Perry, Mansfield.

For Boston, Eastern Massachusetts and elsewhere—

James R. Hathaway, Special Agent; Thomas
Langian, Charles F. Clark, George W. Spaine,
Frank G. Phillips, Joseph M. Russell, Harry L.
Allen; Emergency Agent, Geo. Albert Grant—all
at 19 Milk Street, Boston.

In addition to these we have over four hundred
unpaid local agents in all our Massachusetts cities
and towns who render us more or less service.

FOR THE PROTECTION OF
HORSES AND OTHER ANIMALS.

In behalf of the Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, I hereby offer five dollars to
any person knowing of cruelty to any
horse in Massachusetts who will give
us in court the evidence necessary to
convict; also for similar evidence in
court to enable us to convict any person
of cruelty to any other domestic
animal in Massachusetts, I offer a
prize of not less than two dollars.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

THE CHRIST OF THE ANDES.

The time of competition for the thousand
dollar prize play of "The Christ of the Andes"
expired, as our readers know, on March first,
and the various plays that prize offer has
brought are to be submitted to the careful
criticism of some of the men best qualified to
judge of their merits. To various inquiries
made about them, we can only say that we
do not propose to read any one of them until
the decision of the committee has been made.
We want a play which every Christian church,
both Catholic and Protestant, in all parts of
the world will want to see, and we know that
such a play can be written, the most sublime
that has ever been put on the theatrical stage.

Whether any of the plays now offered will
come up to this standard, and, if not, whether
we shall offer a prize of two thousand dollars
instead of one thousand, are matters to be
hereafter considered.

We want to arouse the Christian churches
of the whole world to the importance of
"peace on earth and good will" not only to
human beings but to all the lower creatures
that depend on our mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL,
President of the American Humane
Education Society.

TWO OF THE ONE THOUSAND DOLLAR
PRIZE OFFERS OF OUR AMERICAN
HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY.

Boston, February 19, 1908.

GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq.,
President of the American Humane
Education Society.

My dear Sir:

The undersigned, appointed by you a committee for the purpose, have carefully examined, at your request, the stories received by the American Humane Education Society, in competition for a prize of one thousand dollars, offered by the Society to secure the best story that can be written showing the folly and wickedness of international wars, also the stories received by the American Humane Education Society in competition for a prize of one thousand dollars, offered by the Society to secure the best story that can be written to make the rich and poor more kind to each other and to harmonize the disputes between capital and labor, and find that, while several of the stories in competition for both these prizes are of considerable interest, not one of them is entitled to either of the prizes offered by the Society.

(Signed) EDWIN GINN,
Ginn & Company, Publishers, Boston, Mass.

(Signed) HERBERT R. GIBBS,
Head of editorial department, Houghton,
Mifflin & Company, Publishers,
Boston, Mass.

To all Boston and New York publishers the
names of these two gentlemen are well known
as among the best qualified to decide correctly
in regard to the stories which have been
offered.

The following are the names given to the
Society by the writers of the stories, the real
names of whom, in sealed letters, were entirely
unknown, both to the gentlemen who signed
the above report and to the Society,
until the above decision had been made:

Stories Submitted for Prevention of Wars.

Edith Chandor.
Penrhym Ap-myles.
Beneficium.
Hector Hilder.
Elleroc.

Stories Submitted to Harmonize the Disputes
between Capital and Labor.

Edith Chandor.
Callie Mack.
Rose Standish.
J. A. Holmes.
Justitia.
Optimist.
Benene.
Peace.
Millicent Bridges.
Meddo tafi.
Elizabeth.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

FIFTY THOUSAND COPIES OF THE BOOK,
"BLACK BEAUTY" TO BE GIVEN BY
THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION
SOCIETY TO AMERICAN TEACHERS AND
SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS.

In behalf of the American Humane Education
Society I hereby offer to fifty thousand
American teachers and Sunday School teachers
a copy of the famous book, "Black
Beauty."

All who call at our offices, 19 Milk street,
will receive a copy of the book, and those
wishing it sent by mail can obtain it by simply
enclosing to the American Humane Education
Society, 19 Milk street, Boston, five
cents to pay the postage. I also offer to each
of the teachers a copy of "Our Gold Mine at
Hollyhurst" or "The Strike at Shane's" on
the same terms. GEO. T. ANGELL,

President of the American Humane
Education Society.



Founders of American Band of Mercy.
GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

Office of Parent American Band of Mercy.
GEO. T. ANGELL, President; GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary.

A. JUDSON LEACH, State Organizer.

Over seventy-one thousand branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over two million members.

PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges means "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All."

We send *without cost*, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy Information" and other publications.

Also *without cost*, to every person who forms a "Band of Mercy," obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both to the pledge, and sends us the name chosen for the Band and the name and post office address [town and state] of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.

2. Mr. Angell's Address to the High, Latin, Normal and Grammar Schools of Boston.

3. Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.

4. Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, containing many anecdotes.

5. Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.

6. For the president, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of Juvenile Temperance Associations and teachers and Sunday school teachers, should be presidents of Bands of Mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge, or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

The prices for badges, gold or silver imitation, are eight cents large, five cents small; ribbon, gold stamped, eight cents, ink printed, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old and young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier and better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Mass., and receive full information.

Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings.

1.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. (See Melodies.)

2.—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last meeting by Secretary.

3.—Readings, "Angell Prize Contest Recitations," "Memory Gems" and anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.

4.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

5.—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.

6.—Enrollment of new members.

7.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.



HOW OUR COAST GUARD SAVE LIVES.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE LIFE-SAVERS.

As our readers know we have been making a strong effort to secure for all the life-savers on our coasts pensions similar to those given to other seamen in the employ of the Government. For this purpose on Thanksgiving Day we wrote a petition to Congress on behalf of our American Humane Education Society, which our junior Senator, Winthrop Murray Crane, kindly presented to the Senate. We also wrote various other influential parties in regard to the matter. We then published in our January paper a beautiful cut of the life-savers at work and the petition and various information on the subject, and had copies sent to every member of Congress and to every newspaper and magazine in America north of Mexico, with the following request: To the American Press:

I have had the above petition presented to Congress and would most respectfully ask the editors of the about twenty thousand newspapers and magazines who receive *Our Dumb Animals* every month to help us obtain this most just and deserved action of Congress.

On January 29, we are most happy to find in our Boston daily papers that President Roosevelt has sent to Congress a message on the subject, asking immediate action, and we feel sure at this writing that Congress will pass a just enactment which will, in case of misfortune or old age, help our life-savers and their dependent families.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE CARRYING OF CONCEALED FIREARMS.

In considering the constantly growing danger to the lives of peaceable citizens from the carrying of concealed firearms by the criminal classes, we would suggest the passage of a law punishing by fine and imprisonment any person who shall be found carrying such weapons, unless that person has given a bond in the sum of one thousand dollars to pay all damages that may occur from their use; and with this law a provision that all officers of the law shall have the right to search all persons suspected of crime, or considered to be dangerous, to ascertain whether concealed firearms are carried by them.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

FROM INCENDIARY FIRES.

In our February issue we gave a beautiful picture of Boston harbor, and said that there was no important city on our Atlantic coast more exposed to danger, in case of war with a foreign nation, than Boston, and that every voter who has five dollars in one of our savings banks has a personal interest to vote for no man likely to endanger us in any foreign war.

To this we want to add that a great incendiary fire on some windy night might burn down half our city and destroy half our savings banks, and that every person having five dollars invested in one of those banks has a personal interest to have Bands of Mercy and humane education carried into all our schools for the protection of property and the lives of both human beings and horses from incendiary fires.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILROAD FINED ELEVEN HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

We are glad to see in the *Boston Evening Transcript* of February 5, the following, which is one of the results of the good work of our prosecuting agents:

Convicted of cruelty to animals in transit the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad Company, as lessee of the Boston & Albany, was fined \$1100 yesterday afternoon in the United States District Court. The evidence on which the suit against the company was based was furnished by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and showed that in January and February of last year five carloads of cattle were delayed en route between West Albany and Brighton far beyond the time limit for continuous confinement, so that when the trains arrived in Boston many of the animals were dead and others were suffering from want of rest, food and water. In the trial in the United States District Court at Boston last month the company was convicted on five counts, and yesterday Judge Dodge imposed a fine of \$250 for each of the first two and \$200 each on the other three.

The Angel of Mercy passeth by on the other side and hath no tears to shed when the cruel man dies.

ANGELL PRIZE CONTESTS.

A splendid way to raise money in schools, churches, Sunday schools, or elsewhere for any object preferred.

ANGELL PRIZE CONTESTS IN HUMANE SPEAKING.

We have beautiful *sterling* silver medals, of which this cut shows the size and face inscriptions.

On the back is inscribed, "The American Humane Education Society."

We sell them at one dollar each, which is just what we pay for them by the hundred.

Each is in a box on purple velvet, and we make no charge for postage when sent by mail.

The plan is this: Some large church or public hall is secured, several schools, Sunday schools, granges or other societies are invited to send their best speaker or reciter to compete for the prize medal; some prominent citizen presides; other prominent citizens act as the committee of award, and a small admission fee, ten or twenty cents, pays all the costs, and leaves a handsome balance for the local humane society or "Band of Mercy," or school or Sunday school or church or library or any other object preferred.

"BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL."

We have in our principal office [in a large frame and conspicuous position] the names of those who have kindly remembered our two Societies in their wills.

When we get a building we intend to have them so engraved in it as to last through the centuries.

PRIZES \$650.

In behalf of *The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals* I do hereby offer (1) \$100 for evidence which shall enable the Society to convict any man in Massachusetts of cruelty in the practice of vivisection.

(2) \$25 for evidence to convict of violating the recently enacted law of Massachusetts against vivisections and dissections in our public schools.

(3) \$100 for evidence to convict any member of the *Myopia, Hingham, Dedham, Harvard or Country Clubs*, of a criminal violation of law by causing his horse to be mutilated for life.

(4) \$25 for evidence to convict anyone in Massachusetts of a violation of law by causing any horse to be mutilated for life by docking.

(5) Twenty prizes of \$10 each, and forty prizes of \$5 each, for evidence to convict of violating the laws of Massachusetts by killing any insect-eating bird or taking eggs from its nest.

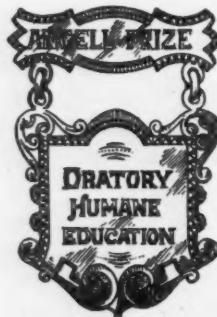
GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

"The Humane Horse Book," compiled by George T. Angell, is a work which should be read by every man, woman and child in the country. Price, 5 cents.—*Boston Courier*.

In hiring a *herdic*, coupe, or other carriage never forget to look at the horses and hire those that look the best and have no docked tails. When we take a *herdic* we pick out one drawn by a good horse, tell the driver not to hurry, but take it easy, and give him five or ten cents over his fare for being kind to his horse. We never ride behind a dock-tailed horse.

OUR CREED and the creed of our "American Humane Education Society," as it appears on its battle flags, its badges, and its official seal, is "GLORY TO GOD," "PEACE ON EARTH," "KINDNESS, JUSTICE AND MERCY TO EVERY LIVING CREATURE."

If there were no birds man could not live on the earth, and birds are decreasing in this country.



OUR PRIZE STORY PRICES.

Black Beauty, in paper covers, 6 cents at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 25 cents each at office, or 30 cents mailed.

Hollyhurst, Strike at Shane's, Four Months in New Hampshire, also Mr. Angell's *Autobiography*, in paper covers, 6 cents each at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 20 cents each at office, or 25 cents mailed.

Some of New York's "400," in paper covers, 10 cents each; cloth bound, 25 cents, or 30 cents mailed.

For Pity's Sake, in paper covers, 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 60 cents at office, or 70 cents mailed.

Beautiful Joe at publishers' price, new edition, illustrated, \$1.25, postpaid; smaller edition, 50 cents at office, or 62 cents mailed; cheaper edition, 25 cents; mailed, 30 cents. All editions cloth bound.

Postage stamps are acceptable for all remittances.

ABOUT BEARS.

In the *Boston Herald*, of January 19, we found that a man in western Massachusetts, who owned a tame bear which he had kept as a pet for a number of years, and which had been of service to him in the collection of wild honey, proposed to turn this tame animal loose in the woods to furnish amusement for sportsmen in hunting and killing him. We immediately wrote him the following letter, which was published in the *Boston Herald* and other papers, and ended the proposition of turning this bear into the woods for the amusement of sportsmen:

My dear Mr. —

I see by yesterday's Sunday papers that you are intending to have your tame bear, *Teddy*, hunted and killed for the amusement of sportsmen.

Kindly permit me to caution you that if your plan is carried out you will be liable, under the laws of Massachusetts, to a fine of \$250 and a year's imprisonment.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Our readers will remember that when President Roosevelt arranged his great presidential trip to shoot bears in the West, it was proposed to receive him by a procession at the head of which was to be carried a tame bear, which was to be let loose and turned into the woods for the President to shoot. We immediately sent out notice that if the President *knowing it to be a tame bear* should undertake to shoot it, he would be liable, under the laws of Massachusetts, to a fine of two hundred and fifty dollars and a year's imprisonment. We are glad to say that the President declined the honor of shooting this tame bear, but on account of what we had said about it, the superintendent of public schools at Washington forbade some hundreds of copies of our paper, containing this statement, to be distributed in the public schools at Washington, for which they had been long subscribed, and as the matter attracted the attention of about every newspaper in America and a considerable number in Europe, *Our Dumb Animals* received a wide national and European advertisement.

We see in a recent publication that a western member of Congress, who is said to be perhaps the greatest bear hunter in the United States, laughs at the idea of bears being dangerous, declaring that bears of all species will run from a man whenever they see one, if it is possible for them to get away. Last evening we read an interesting account of the great exploring expedition about to be attempted by Captain Roald Amundsen, the Norwegian explorer, to find a northwest passage, in which he will use trained polar bears to draw his sledges, as they are wonderfully intelligent, when domesticated are as affectionate and tractable as kittens, make excellent pets, can haul heavy loads, and live on the flesh of seals easily obtained in those northern regions.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

SONGS OF HAPPY LIFE, &c.

For prices of Miss S. J. Eddy's new book, above named, and a variety of humane publications, address, "Humane Education Committee, No. 61 Westminster Street, Providence, R. I."

ONE THING WE MUST NEVER FORGET, NAMELY: THAT THE INFINITELY MOST IMPORTANT WORK FOR US IS THE HUMANE EDUCATION OF THE MILLIONS WHO ARE SOON TO COME ON THE STAGE OF ACTION.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

What do you consider, Mr. Angell, THE MOST IMPORTANT WORK you do?

ANSWER. Talking each month to the editors of every newspaper and magazine in North America north of Mexico, who in their turn talk to probably OVER SIXTY MILLIONS of readers.

"Just so soon and so far as we pour into all our schools the songs, poems and literature of mercy towards these lower creatures, JUST SO SOON AND SO FAR SHALL WE REACH THE ROOTS NOT ONLY OF CRUELTY BUT OF CRIME."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Refuse to ride in any cab, *herdic* or carriage drawn by a docked horse, and tell the driver why.

FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION.

To those who will have them properly posted we send:

- (1) Placards for the protection of birds under our Massachusetts laws.
- (2) Placards for the protection of horses everywhere from docking and tight checkreins.

WHAT A DOCKED HORSE TELLS.

- (1) That the owner does not care one straw for the suffering of dumb animals.
- (2) That the owner does not care one straw for the good opinion of nine-tenths of his fellow citizens who witness the effects of his cruelty.

Every unkind treatment to the cow poisons the milk—even talking unkindly to her.

Is it cruel to keep a horse locked up in a stable without exercise?

Answer: Just as cruel as it would be to keep a boy, or girl, or man, or woman in the same condition.

If to this is added *solitary confinement* without the company of other animals, then the cruelty is still greater.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

WORTH REMEMBERING.

- (1) Avoid as far as possible drinking any water which has been contaminated by *lead pipes* or *lead lined tanks*.

(2) Avoid drinking water which has been run through *galvanized iron pipes*.

(3) Avoid using *anything acid* which has been kept in a *tin can*.

(4) When grippe or other epidemics are prevailing wear a little crude sulphur in your boots or shoes.

Send for prize essays published by our American Humane Education Society on the best plan of settling the difficulties between capital and labor, and receive a copy without charge.

Always kill a wounded bird or other animal as soon as you can. All suffering of any creature, just before it dies, poisons the meat.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Every kind word you say to a dumb animal or bird will make you happier.

THINKING AND OBEYING.

"Captain, what do you think," I asked,
"Of the part your soldiers play?"
The captain answered, "I do not think—
I do not think—I obey."

"Do you think you should shoot a patriot down
And help a tyrant slay?"
The captain answered, "I do not think—
I do not think—I obey."

"Do you think that your conscience was meant to
die
And your brains to rot away?"
The captain answered, "I do not think—
I do not think—I obey."

"Then, if this is your soldier's code," I cried,
"You're a mean, unmanly crew,
And with all your feathers and gilt and braid
I am more of a man than you."

"For whatever my lot on earth may be,
And whether I swim or sink,
I can say with pride, I do not obey—
I do not obey—I think!"

ERNEST H. CROSBY.

THE BACHELOR'S COMPLAINT.

Returning home at close of day,
Who gently chides my long delay,
And by my side delights to stay?

Nobody.

Who sets for me the easy chair,
Spreads out the paper with such care,
And lays my slippers ready there?

Nobody.

When plunged in deep and dire distress,
When anxious cares my heart oppress,
Who whispers hope of happiness?

Nobody.

When sickness comes in sorrow's train,
And grief distracts the fevered brain,
Who sympathizes with my pain?

Nobody.

A SKATING SONG.

Hurrah for the wind that is keen and chill,
As it skirts the meadows and sweeps the hill;
Hurrah for the pulse of swift delight
That tingle and beat in the winter's night,
When over the crystal lake we glide,
Flying like birds o'er the frozen tide.

Hurrah for the landscape broad and fair
Spread boldly out in the brilliant air!
Hurrah for the folds of the sheeted snow,
On the mountains high, in the valleys low;
Hurrah for the track where the skaters glide,
Fearless as over a highway tried!

Who chooses may boast of the summer time,
Hurrah we cry for the frost and rime,
For the icicles pendant from roof and eaves,
For snow that covers the next year's sheaves!
Hurrah for the gleaming, glassy lake
Where the skaters bold their pleasures take!

—*Harper's Young People.*

CAT'S CAPRICES.

There are contradictory elements in the character of a cat. No animal is more independent, and *none is more remarkable for its power of finding its way back from great distances than a cat*. Everyone knows that a perfectly comfortable, well-fed cat will occasionally go to a house and settle there, deserting a family by whom it is lamented, and to whom if it chose it could find its way back with ease. This conduct is a mystery which may lead us to infer that cats form a great secret society. Doubtless they come and go in pursuance of some secret policy connected with the education of cats, or perhaps with witchcraft. We have known a cat desert a house for years; once in six months he would return and look about him with an air of contempt. "Such" he seemed to say, "were my humble beginnings." He went on no offence given and in about three years he



Used by kind permission of *The Cat Journal*, Rochester, N. Y.

came back for good, his mission elsewhere having probably been accomplished.

That a cat can come home in the face of most incredible difficulties is perfectly certain. Thus, to take a recent instance, a cat was carried from a town on the northeast coast of Fife to a country-house near Perth. It went in a basket by train to Leuchars, where it changed for Dundee, and at Dundee changed for Perth. Next day, about seven in the morning, this cat was observed to run down the avenue of its new home with a purposeful air. On the third day it appeared at its old home. Now, how did that cat achieve its journey? Did it take a bee-line across the country, and, if so, how did it know the direction? That the cat simply rode on a broomstick behind a witch is an hypothesis which brings us into unfriendly contact with modern ideas of progress. Somehow the thing was done, and done in forty-eight hours. Cats, much more than dogs, are independent of a home. They can take to the heather, the forest, or the back green.

We know little about cats, but cats know a great deal about us. Cats have very probably an underground railway.

—*The Saturday Review.*

CALLS CAT BY TELEPHONE.

Frank Whipple has a cat named Nigger, who not only knows his name but recognizes his call over the telephone. Nigger is perfectly at home both at the Whipple residence and at the express office, and sometimes at the latter place makes himself a nuisance by walking over the papers on Frank's desk where he is trying to write. Telling the cat to keep off does no good, but an effectual means of getting rid of his catship has been discovered by asking Mrs. Whipple to call the animal home, and when his mistress says "Nigger! Nigger!" over the phone and the receiver is held to the cat's ear, the owner of the name scampers for home as fast as four black feet can carry him.

—*The Times.*

CARING FOR CATS.

At a cattery conducted by Miss Cathcart, in New Jersey, the tenants are bred and cared for with a strict observance of all the laws of feline hygiene. The kennels, or rather houses, are of Queen Anne style of architecture and provided with doors and windows and nooks and corners to afford pussy the opportunity she so loves of looking out the parlor window or retiring to her chamber for a siesta at will. Each member of this colony is provided with two houses, and is moved from one to the other every two or three days while the first is being cleaned and renovated. The bedding in each house is removed every day and burned. The cat's toilet consists of a thorough combing followed by rubbing with a cloth several times a week. Miss Cathcart says that a cat should never be washed. For food kitty is given a drink of fresh milk in the morning and two meals during the day. There is a constant change in menu, which includes table scraps, fresh meats, chicken, rabbit, raw eggs, cereals, and vegetables. A cow is kept for milk.

Among the ninety or more inmates of this cat home are a number of blue-blooded, short-haired celebrities who have won reputations in this country and in Europe. Prissy is a black cat, without a white hair anywhere, and considered the most perfect specimen of her class to be found; she came from London, and is valued at the price of a good horse. Belle of Bradford is another Britisher, and is orange even to the color of the eyes. Requiqui is of Siamese descent, but is a native of Paris, and is dark brown with blue eyes. Buster Brown would be black if he were not tinged with a plum tint, and is what is known as a smoke.

Miss Cathcart's interest is not, however, entirely confined to cat aristocracy. She is doing a humane work in affording a refuge for tramp cats until she can secure them good homes.

"Blessed are the Merciful."

VIVISECTION.

Since the publication of our prize essays on vivisection we have been receiving a large number of editorials from leading papers in the United States, and letters from people interested in the subject, both physicians and others. It seems to be evident that there is going to be a great national discussion of the question, out of which we hope will come much good both to the human race and to all the creatures we call dumb which depend upon our mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE MINISTER'S DREAM.

Impelled against his will, the minister made ready and accompanied his guide, who strangely enough, led him to a large livery stable. With supernatural sight he beheld, as he passed from stall to stall, the diseases that made life a torture for many of the horses there. Some were troubled by toothache, exaggerated by having a bit in the mouth all day, some could not eat well, on account of torn and bleeding mouths, irregular teeth and other ills. Others held up their feet and moaned with pain. Shoes put on haphazard—in most cases their feet cut down to fit the shoe.

"Nobody to speak a word for us, and we can't speak a word for ourselves," wailed one whose neck was swollen in knots from the use of the overdraw checkrein.

"And yet there is a class of people calling themselves Christians, who pretend to give their lives to helping the helpless and doing good," said another, who shivered so he could hardly make himself heard. "Here I endured from insects untold tortures all summer because my master cut off my tail and mane, and now they have clipped close all the hair on my body, and I'm so cold!"

"What did he clip you for?" asked another. "I don't know. My mistress is a very devout woman, and they've been decorating the church for Thanksgiving services to-morrow and I had to stand in the wind—my head drawn clear back and every bone in me aching—for three long hours."

"Is she a Christian?"

"Yes; they say so." What the minister saw was both astonishing and painful. But the angel hurried him on, showing him horses, cattle, dogs, cats and birds, suffering every species of pain and privation. A great many were being starved, or in some way tortured, through mere thoughtlessness.

It was broad daylight and midsummer weather when they paused at the stock yards. Long lines of cars, packed with their living freight, stood everywhere. Hundreds of miles some of them had come without one drop of water—wild-eyed, bellowing, piteous throng, the weaker ones trampled beneath the feet of the stronger, the whole suffering indescribable torture. To the right were the yards, acres of shadeless dust. Presently they began unloading the cars, and then the minister turned away. It seemed to him that every blood-shot eyeball was fixed on him in mute reproach and though he had oftentimes watched the "unloading of stock cars"—never before had it come to him that those swollen, lolling tongues could form no word to plead for themselves.

"What a terrible thing!" he cried.

"Even so," said the angel. "Come."

If the minister's overcoat had been burdensome at the stock yards, it was not on the icy, wind-swept western plains, where next he found himself; and if the misery of the shipped stock was indescribable, the suffering of the starving herds here was more so.

"Do they never feed them?" he asked.

"No; thousands upon thousands roam through the snow for months, with no food save the dry grass that they paw from under the snow. See, their hoofs are worn until blood marks every step! These represent the wealth of cattle kings who are rolling in splendor in their eastern homes to-day. When the sleet storms come the herd will be one writhing

mass of ice, driven desperately before the gale. Thousands will die before spring."

The minister remembered two rich men in his church whose wealth was said to consist in "cattle out west." He had been very courteous to them, for they paid well into the church fund.

Along the Pacific slope they went, pausing to view long lines of mules engaged in the heaviest drafting, with shoulders one mass of sores and sides laid open with the pitiless whip—through the south it was even worse—hundreds of sights so shocking that the good man begged to go home.

"Ah, no," said the angel; we must visit some of our institutions of learning."

Thither they went, and despite his entreaties the angel conducted him from one vivisecting table to another, where every species of torture that science or curiosity could invent he saw applied to the helpless, dumb creatures, whose cries seemed to pierce his very soul. Others were mute, but conscious of their suffering.

"Is this *Inferno*?" he cried.

"No; these are the schools where our rising generations are taught."

"But why tear living creatures asunder; why flay and burn; why—?" but he could get no further and the angel simply answered:

"They call this 'scientific research.'"

"Let me go home," wailed the divine.

"No; we must cross the ocean and visit Pasteur's Institute, and—"

"Is it worse than this?" he groaned.

"O yes, a great deal. Thousands upon thousands of living creatures have been sacrificed there."

"Don't," cried the poor minister; "don't tell me any more. What will you have me do? Is there no help for all this?"

"Noble men and women are at work," said the angel, "but only a few. The press, too, is coming to the front; but what we need most of all is the pulpit. If only ministers would wake to their responsibility along this line; if only they could see that Humanity is essential to Godliness, what a change there would be. The people must be aroused."

"I will do my part!" cried the reverend gentleman, so loudly and emphatically that he awoke.

The congregation of the First church listened in mute wonder to the stream of impassioned eloquence that poured from their pastor's lips the next morning. His text was "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." It was not the last of the kind they listened to, and in time the pastor and people came to see how utterly lacking is the religion that takes no account of the rights of the helpless and dumb.

DO DOCTORS HELP YOU?

Do doctors help you, Mr. Angell?

Answer: One doctor has given us twenty thousand dollars, and lots of others have given us smaller sums. We have at this moment a letter just received from a prominent physician, enclosing a check for ten dollars to our American Humane Education Society, and ending, "May the good Lord spare you many years to carry on the important work of which you are the head."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

OUR FAMILY ARE ALL PRAYING FOR YOU.

The first letter which comes to us in this morning's mail is from a good friend, enclosing five dollars to help our humane work, and the kind notice, "All our family are praying for you that your life may be preserved." No letter could possibly give us more pleasure than this.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Our Dumb Animals, illustrated, edited by Geo. T. Angell, and published monthly for fifty cents a year, 19 Milk Street, Boston, is one of the cleanest and most needed papers on earth and ought to be read in every family and in all our schools.—*Our Best Words*.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX ON CLERGY-MEN.

Some old lines, which we have quoted before, read,

"Three things hold mighty sway o'er men,
The sword, the sceptre and the pen."

Ella Wheeler Wilcox has no sword or sceptre, but she carries a pen of great power, and what she has said recently in regard to clergymen who do not think it inconsistent with their religious duties to go out into the woods with rifles to shoot, wound, and kill the harmless creatures there, will have considerable weight with all who read her article.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

OUR WORK IN INDIA.

We are pleased to receive, on February 13, a notice from India of the formation there of an influential Band of Mercy whose members propose to extend their work, not only in India but in Persia and some parts of Africa. Their pledge is, "I will try to be actively kind to all living creatures and will try to protect them from cruel usage."

So while on this rainy, icy day the friends of our Mass. S. P. C. Animals, in spite of the bad weather, are up at the State House in defense of the Massachusetts dogs, our American Education Society, through its friends far distant, is working in India for the prevention of cruelty to every living creature.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

BURLEY, IDAHO.

Mr. Will J. Hayner, proprietor of The Bulletin Publishing Company, Burley, Idaho, writes us that the copy of *Our Dumb Animals*, which comes to him every month, is not only read by himself and family, but travels from ranch to ranch until it is worn threadbare.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

MR. CARNEGIE'S LIBRARIES.

Mr. Carnegie's libraries will, of course, secure great and permanent fame for their generous giver, but we think these gifts would be vastly more useful if they were confined to books which would bless the world and make all who read them better and happier. Books which tend to promote wars and a desire for military glory should all be shut out and thousands of other books in all our public libraries, which do more harm than good.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

CRUELTY TO CATTLE.

We take the following from the *Boston Evening Herald*:

On complaint of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, a jury in the United States district court returned a verdict of guilty against the New York Central Railroad, on five counts, for violation of the law relating to transportation of cattle. The cattle were permitted to remain in cars more than twenty-eight consecutive hours without unloading for food and rest, and twenty of the animals died in transit.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

MEXICAN BULLFIGHTS.

We are very glad to learn from Edward C. Butler, secretary of the Mexican Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, that a vigorous campaign has now been commenced by the Mexican Society P. C. Animals to put down bullfighting. Liberal contributions have been offered to aid in doing it by the distinguished actress, Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske, and others.

This carries us back to one of the happiest events of our life, when we succeeded in stopping the proposed bullfights at New Orleans, and sending the bulls and bullfighters back to Mexico without a single exhibition.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Don't forget your cat.

THE SNOW STORM.

Blow, blow; snow, snow,
Everything is white.
Sift, sift; drift, drift,
All the day and night.

Squealing pig, paths to dig,
Hurry out of bed,
Rub your nose, warm your toes,
Fetch along the sled.

Red-cheek girls, wavy curls,
School-house down the lane;
Fingers tingle, sleigh-bells jingle,
Jack Frost come again.

Setting sun, day is done,
Round the fire together;
Apples rosy, this is cosy,
Jolly winter weather!

TO DISPEL THE CLOUDS.

A laugh is just like sunshine,
It freshens all the day,
It tips the peak of life with light,
And drives the clouds away;
The soul grows glad that hears it,
And feels its courage strong—
A laugh is just like sunshine
For cheering folk along!

A laugh is just like music,
It lingers in the heart,
And where its melody is heard
The ills of life depart;
And happy thoughts come crowding
Its joyful notes to greet—
A laugh is just like music
For making living sweet!
—*The Young Folks' Catholic Weekly.*

HOW WOULD YOU USE A MILLION OF DOLLARS, MR. ANGELL?

If some one would give you a million dollars, Mr. Angell, for your humane work what would you do with the money?

Answer: 1st. I would immediately cause our American Humane Education Society to establish a *Humane Press Bureau* which should gather the gems of humane literature from the whole world and suitable for all ages, from the primary and kindergarten schools to the highest universities, and then send them out over our country and, so far as possible, the world, not only to the about twenty thousand newspapers and magazines which receive *Our Dumb Animals* every month, but to hundreds of thousands of schools and, so far as possible, into all homes. I should expect by doing this and forming our Bands of Mercy to reach millions of children and youth and insure their becoming humane citizens, and a vast prevention of incendiary fires, railroad wrecks and other outrages.

2nd. For the prevention of wars and the tremendous cost of armies and navies I would send eloquent men to address the students in all our higher institutions of learning and make our future editors, congressmen and others of vast influence humane, and then if I had another million dollars I would begin to bring all the power of humane education to bear on other countries. I have before me on this very morning applications to aid in carrying humane education and humane societies into Persia and China. We have had the one book, "Black Beauty," translated into nearly all European languages and three Asiatic languages, and there is nothing to prevent our having it in the languages of all civilized nations, if we had the money to do it.

There is no investment in this world that would prove more profitable to the world in dollars and cents [saying nothing of humanity], than to carry humane education into all the colleges and schools of every grade in all civilized nations. Of course we should largely use in this work pictures, music, songs, stories, eloquent addresses and brilliant poems. Some eminent man has said: "Let me write the songs of a nation and I don't care who makes its laws." What we want is to impress upon the millions the great fact that

every boy and girl and man and woman can make their own lives and the world happier and better by saying kind words and doing kind acts both to their own race and the other races that surround and depend upon us. The humane education of one boy in a Band of Mercy in one of our schools may save an incendiary fire which might have cost a million dollars. The humane education of one student in one of our colleges or universities may prevent a war which might have cost a hundred millions of dollars and thousands of human lives.

In addition to the above I would have a large reading room, full of humane books and publications, to aid teachers and all others in carrying out wise plans of humane education.

GEO. T. ANGELL,
President American Humane Education
Society, 19 Milk St., Boston.

FORTY MILLIONS OF DOLLARS.

We see in our Boston daily papers that President Judson of Chicago University, addressing a meeting of the alumni held at a Boston hotel, states that the gifts to the University [mostly by Mr. Rockefeller] now amount to more than forty millions of dollars. What an enormous good could be accomplished for our country and the world if forty millions of dollars could be expended in carrying humane education into all our universities, colleges and schools! What a tremendous step could be taken in the march of civilization and humanity for the promotion of "Glory to God," "Peace on Earth," "Kindness, Justice and Mercy to Every Living Creature, both Human and Dumb!"

GEO. T. ANGELL.

The Haverhill (Mass.) Gazette comes to our table with an interesting story of how Mr. James H. Green, of the Grand Army of the Republic, South Boston, visited Haverhill about a year ago, and from feeding the pigeons in the City Hall park became so familiar with them that they perched on his shoulders and ate from his hands.

Recently Mr. Green again visited Haverhill, after about a year's absence, and going to the City Hall park was promptly recognized by the pigeons, which again flocked about him, cooing and eating as before.



CASTEL SAN ANGELO AND ST. PETER'S, ROME.

From "Italy, the Magic Land," by Lillian Whiting.

Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

[From *The Californian*.]

WHAT PRESIDENT ANGELL SAID.

The other day a lady told one of his friends that while she had no objection to his plans of humane education she was more interested in foreign missions and the conversion of the heathen. Here is President Angell's reply:

"The question that comes to our mind is, where can she find heathen whom it is more important to convert than in our own country? The heathen that permit tens of thousands of cattle in cold winters to die of starvation on our western plains; the heathen that transport animals to our markets with such cruelty that thousands of them are taken out of the cars dead or almost dead; the heathen who slaughter the animals used by us for food by methods which inflict great suffering; the heathen who abuse horses and other animals in a multitude of ways too numerous to mention; the heathen who think it good sport to shoot, wound and kill creatures that never harmed them; the heathen who want to put army rifles into the hands of all our school boys that they may be better able to shoot our brother Christians of other nations and in domestic troubles to shoot each other; the heathen who for insufficient cause are ready to get us into unnecessary wars which will cause the destruction of tens of thousands of human and animal lives and an amount of suffering which it is impossible to compute; the heathen who subject animals to unnecessary and cruel vivisections;—and we wonder in what part of the world this good woman can find heathen whom it is more important to our country and the world to convert than the educated and other heathen we have in the United States of America and to a greater or less extent in every city and town!"

We have been denied the happiness of a perusal of the lady's rejoinder. Perhaps there wasn't any. But if there was one, what on earth could it have been?

Every dollar spent for humane education is a dollar spent for the prevention of wars, incendiary fires, railroad wrecks, and every form of cruelty and crime.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF
THE BANDS OF MERCY?
I answer: To teach and lead every

child and older person to seize
every opportunity to say a kind
word or do a kind act that will

make some other human being or
some dumb creature happier.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

71744 <i>Chelsea, Mass.</i> Broadway School Bds. Div. 4. P., S. A. Lurvey.	71782 Div. 3. P., L. J. Dakin.	71819 <i>Providence, R. I.</i> Benefit St. School Bds. Golden Rule. P., Katherine M. Murray.	71855 Kind Boys and Girls. P., Alice R. Collins. 71856 Elm St. School Bands. Golden Rule. P., J. S. Dix.	71888 Life Savers. P., Edith Austin.
71745 Div. 5. P., Georgetta Campbell.	71783 Div. 4. P., H. M. Taylor.	71820 Loyal Protectors. P., Margaret O'Connor.	71857 Lowell. P., S. Frances Pike.	71889 Little Helpers. P., Helen Seabury.
71746 Bloomingdale Sch. Bds. Div. 1. P., G. L. Merrill.	71784 Div. 5. P., S. A. Doleman.	71821 Helping Hands. P., Winifred E. Gleason.	71858 Lookout. P., B. M. Blinkhorn.	71890 Kind Helpers. P., Annie T. Wood.
71747 Div. 2. P., B. R. Miles.	71785 Div. 6. P., A. L. Carpenter.	71822 Kind Deeds. P., Annie P. Burdick.	71859 Kind Helpers. P., Annie I. Fulton.	71891 <i>Pascoag, R. I.</i> Sayles Ave. School Bds. Golden Rule. P., Julia A. Walker.
71748 Div. 3. P., S. B. Wilson.	71786 Div. 7. P., C. J. Partenheimer.	71823 Kind Hearts. P., Marion C. Abrams.	71860 Kind Little Helpers. P., Annie M. Killian.	71892 Lincoln. P., M. Josephine Cotter.
71749 Div. 4. P., E. M. Abbott.	71787 Div. 8. P., F. L. Merrifield.	71824 Kind Friends of Dumb Animals. P., Catherine F. Doran.	71861 Little Helpers. P., Anna L. Gunnison.	71893 Willing Workers. P., Mary A. Block.
71750 Div. 5. P., M. L. Norton.	71789 Div. 2. P., I. M. Towle.	71825 Kind Little Helpers. P., Martha Stone.	71862 Calhoun Ave. Sch. Bds. Protectors of the Help- less.	71894 Kind Helpers. P., Sara A. Renshaw.
71751 Bellingham Sch. Bands. Div. 1. P., E. L. King.	71790 Div. 3. P., J. S. Davis.	71826 Willing Workers. P., Helen M. Greene.	71863 Kind Friends of the Dumb. P., I. M. McKenna.	71895 Protectors of the Help- less. P., Alice S. Hayden.
71752 Div. 2. P., I. B. Bailey.	71792 Div. 5. P., M. E. Lovell.	71827 Kind Helpers. P., Della S. Freeman.	71864 Sunshine. Div. 1. P., Bertha G. Salisbury.	71896 Loyal Protectors. P., Clotilda J. Clavin.
71753 Div. 3. P., F. E. de Rochemont.	71793 Div. 6. P., I. E. Rockwell.	71828 Sunshine. P., Jennie L. Rawson.	71865 Sunshine. Div. 2. P., Mary F. Cunen.	71897 <i>Greenville, R. I.</i> Colwell Band. P., Mary A. Clemence.
71754 Div. 4. P., M. A. Clifford.	71794 Div. 7. P., B. D. Wilson.	71829 Loyal Friends of Dumb Animals. P., Katherine C. Walsh.	71866 Sunshine. Div. 2. P., Miss Abby V. Barney.	71898 Lincoln Band. P., Nettie G. Eddy.
71755 Div. 5. P., J. A. Brown.	71795 South St. School Bds. Div. 1.	71830 Sunbeam. P., Sarah E. Walker.	71867 Highland Ave. Sch. Bds. Protectors of the Help- less.	71899 <i>North Scituate, R. I.</i> Protectors of the Help- less. P., Mrs. M. L. Bates.
71756 Div. 6. P., A. B. Edwards.	71796 Div. 2.	71831 Potter Ave. School Bds. Golden Rule. P., Orianna E. Nichols.	71868 Golden Rule. P., Bertha M. Turner.	71900 Protectors of the Help- less. P., Mrs. Mabel W. Clarke
71757 Div. 7. P., G. L. Bigelow.	71797 Div. 3.	71832 Longfellow. P., Mary A. Blessing.	71869 Sunshine. P., Abby W. Potter.	71901 <i>Richmond, R. I.</i> Helping Hand Band. P., Ruth Boss.
71758 Div. 8. P., N. L. Kemp.	71798 Div. 4. P., C. E. Pratt.	71833 I'll Try. P., Minnette C. Beck- with.	71870 Kind Helpers. P., Alice A. Evison.	71902 <i>South Scituate, R. I.</i> Loyal Protectors. P., Clara A. Anthony.
71759 Div. 9. P., G. A. Woolner.	71799 Bay State School Bds. Div. 1.	71834 Willing Workers. P., Mary C. Lee.	71871 Graham St. School Bds. Kind Helpers. P., Annie L. Munnegle.	71903 Golden Rule. P., Bertha E. Duston.
71760 Div. 10. P., J. E. West.	71800 Div. 2. P., J. F. Langdell.	71835 Kind Hearts. P., Mary W. Tieman.	71872 Golden Rule. P., Marguerite Tully.	71904 <i>Rockland, R. I.</i> Clayville School Bands. Loyal Defenders. P., Geo. A. Soule.
71761 Div. 11. P., G. M. Carter.	71801 Div. 3. P., J. L. Childs.	71836 Sunbeam. P., Betsey E. Brown.	71873 Sunshine. P., M. Elizabeth Ma- loney.	71905 Earnest Workers. P., Kitty W. Soule.
71762 Div. 12. P., Mary Challis.	71802 Div. 4. P., M. L. Costello.	71837 Sunshine. P., Mary A. Hains.	71874 Kind Little Helpers. P., Annie F. Cooney.	71906 <i>Scituate, R. I.</i> Florence Nightingale Band. P., Mrs. Florence Hay- den.
71763 Div. 13. P., M. L. Linton.	71803 Pine St. School Bands. Div. 1.	71838 Kind Little Helpers. P., Jessie M. Barton.	71875 California Ave. School Bands. I'll Try. P., M. I. Tillinghast.	71907 <i>Potowomut Neck, R. I.</i> Potowomut Band. P., Miss Anna M. Math- ewson.
71764 Div. 14. P., E. G. Smith.	71804 Div. 2.	71839 Willing Helpers. P., Ada Blinkhorn.	71876 Sunshine. P., B. M. Rich.	71908 <i>New Haven, Conn.</i> Lily Band. P., Harry W. Brinley.
71765 Div. 15. P., L. M. Nosley.	71805 Slough Hill School Bd. P., Kate A. Deady.	71840 Atwells Ave. Sch. Band. Kind Helpers. P., Anna E. Cobb.	71877 Little Helpers. P., M. I. Tillinghast.	71909 Violet Band. P., Elizabeth J. Kealey.
71766 <i>Northampton, Mass.</i> Hawley School Bands. Div. 1.	71806 Hospital Hill School Bd. P., Katherine E. Sugrue.	71841 Sunbeam. P., Margaret M. Bless- ing.	71878 Kind Helpers. P., A. A. Wheeler.	71910 Forget-me-not Band. P., Mrs. Edith F. Tice.
71767 Div. 2. P., E. M. Fletcher.	71807 King St. School Band. P., Winifred R. Hoffer- nan.	71842 Sunshine. P., Mary E. Clifford.	71879 Bellevue Ave. Sch. Bds. Golden Rule. P., A. E. Berg.	71911 Pansy Band. P., Mrs. Alice Mahler.
71768 Div. 3. P., C. A. Lund.	71808 Pine Grove School Band P., Bertha E. Camp.	71843 I'll Try. P., Rosella A. McCabe.	71880 Sunshine. P., Luella B. Snow.	71912 <i>Guelph, Ont.</i> Alma Band, No. 1. P., Robbie Gale.
71769 Div. 4. P., M. E. Warner.	71809 West Farms Band. P., Lillian G. Parsons.	71844 Kind Little Helpers. P., K. L. Peirce.	71881 Kind Helpers. P., Annie A. McManus.	71913 Alma Band, No. 2. P., Clark M. McCrea.
71770 Div. 5. P., S. M. Goodwin.	71810 <i>Boston, Mass.</i> First Baptist Church Sunday School Band. P., Miss Marion L. Clapp.	71845 Kind Helpers. P., M. E. Powers.	71882 Kind Little Helpers. P., Gertrude Maynard.	71914 <i>Chicago, Ill.</i> Boys' Prohibition Club. Div. 2 Band. P., Miss Benjamin.
71771 Div. 6. P., E. E. Maloney.	71811 <i>Brockton, Mass.</i> St. Patrick's Parochial School Bands. Div. 1. P.,	71846 Be Kind to All. P., Margaret M. D'Arcy.	71883 Bourn St. School Bds. Golden Rule. P., Lucy A. Metcalf.	71915 Class No. 11, Halsted St. Institutional Ch. S. S. Band. P., Miss Benjamin.
71772 Div. 7. P., M. F. Osborne.	71812 Div. 2. P.,	71847 Kind Boys and Girls. P., L. H. Clark.	71884 Willing Workers. P., Clara Moore.	71916 41st Ave. Girls' Etude Club Band. P., Miss Elfleda Ben- jamin.
71773 Div. 8. P., H. C. Eaton.	71813 Div. 3. P.,	71848 Greeley St. School Bds. Golden Rule. P., Mary L. Cawley.	71885 Kind Little Helpers. P., Mary A. Pidge.	
71774 Div. 9. P., M. F. Powers.	71814 Div. 4. P.,	71849 Kindness. P., Mary J. G. McAl- nan.	71886 Sunshine. P., Maud A. Millspaugh.	
71775 Div. 10. P., E. Ford.	71815 Div. 5. P.,	71850 Willing Workers. P., Katharine A. Rior- don.	71887 Roger Williams Ave. School Bands. Golden Rule. P., L. M. Pierce.	
71776 Div. 11. P., E. A. Mattison.	71816 Div. 6. P.,	71851 Be Kind to All. P., Grace M. Neal.		
71777 Div. 12. P., P. C. Richardson.	71817 Div. 7. P.,	71852 Kind Helpers. P., Katherine E. Murphy		
71778 Div. 13. P., C. F. Bartley.	71818 Div. 8. P.,	71853 I'll Try. P., Mary E. McCaffrey.		
71779 Div. 14. P., L. A. Sanford.		71854 Kind Helpers. P., Alice L. Mahy.		
71780 Vernon St. School Bds. Div. 1.				
71781 Div. 2. P., E. M. Clarke.				
71782 Div. 2. P., Mrs. F. W. Sargent.				

A TRIP TO NEW ORLEANS.

Seated at our Boston window on this stormy day, the snow falling and the wind blowing with great force, there comes to our table in that beautiful publication, the *Kindergarten Review*, a beautifully illustrated description of the Crescent City, New Orleans, with some of the old historic buildings which stand on the shore of the Mississippi. The article vividly brings to mind our winter's stay in that city years ago, when we had the privilege of addressing nearly all its white and colored colleges and schools, of organizing in them Bands of Mercy, and, at the St. Charles Hotel, the Louisiana Humane Society, which is now doing valuable work for the prevention of cruelty to animals.

It was to us a very happy winter, full of intense work every day, and the remembrance of it brings to us happy thoughts here in our Boston home.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

From the Brooklyn (N. Y.) Daily Standard Union.

[It is of course gratifying to us to find in the Brooklyn Daily Standard Union of Jan. 26th the following:]

The average work published by philanthropical societies is usually regarded as dry reading by the general public, but a work issued by "The American Humane Education Society," of Boston, is a most striking exception to the rule.

It contains the life and recollections of the Society's president.

After relating a short autobiography of Mr. Angell the book recounts his early struggles in founding the Society, which not only advocates and encourages kindness to dumb animals, but "kindness, justice and mercy to every living creature."

That would appear at first sight a wide field for one man to interest his fellowmen in, but Mr. Angell tells how by publishing the Society's paper, *Our Dumb Animals*, not only has the speechless brute creation been bettered in its condition, but that portion of it which talks has been elevated and benefited.

The book tells how politicians opposed Mr. Angell's work, and how he beat them. It gives in bright and concise form many anecdotes of his lecturing tours, struggles, oppositions and successes, besides recounting many benefits secured by the Society for the good of mankind generally.

Among other work accomplished, the volume gives interesting resumes of his visit to Europe in the interests of his work and his introduction to the Baroness Burdett-Coutts and other prominent people. He tells of how he inaugurated the crusades against the "checkrein" for horses; poisonous marbleized ironware and wall papers; founded the "Bands of Mercy" in public schools; helped organized labor; stopped the practice of bleeding calves to bleach veal; aided in the suppression of the manufacture of poisonous and adulterated foods; made war on uneducated and incompetent doctors, and is full of anecdotes of his connection at different times with prominent characters in history with whom he came in contact in the prosecution of his undertakings.

Taken as a story, the book is a wonderful and most interesting record of what has been accomplished by Mr. Angell, and it has the merit of being written in a style replete with anecdote and brightened with wit.

WHAT REV. DR. LORIMER SAID TO THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVORERS' CONVENTION AT TREMONT TEMPLE, BOSTON, ABOUT IMPERIALISM SOME YEARS AGO.

"The most magnificent panorama of *imperial* expansion that ever dazzled the imagination was presented by Satan to Christ when he offered him all the kingdoms of the world. And yet the master declined. To many people his rejection of such an empire must seem unreasonable, unpatriotic and unphilanthropic. *Did it not occur to him that if he attached these nations to Palestine he would*



ICEBERGS IN THE NORTHERN ATLANTIC.

Used by kind permission of *The Young Folks' Catholic Weekly*, Philadelphia.

be able to do them immense good? Did he not realize that he was responsible for their welfare, that they could not better their own conditions, and that they had been *put under his control by manifest destiny*? No, he appears to have been oblivious to all such arguments.

"Christianity has nothing to gain in foreign lands if its presence is secured there by the policy of a government whose methods are essentially imperialistic.

"There will be additional difficulties placed in the way of Protestantism if it is held responsible for a line of action on the part of the American government, which to the inhabitants shall seem harsh and unjust."

THE BEST WAY.

This world is a difficult world, indeed,
And people are hard to suit,
And the man who plays on the violin
Is a bore to the man with a flute.

And I myself have often thought
How very much better 'would be
If every one of the folks I know
Would only agree with me.

But since they will not, then the very best way
To make this world look bright
Is never to mind what people say,
But do what you think is right.

Receipts by the M. S. P. C. A. for January, 1908.
Fines and witness fees, \$157.32.

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